

SELF IMPROVEMENT

What an incredible book this is! Within its pages the author somehow manages to combine self-help, inner healing, be motivational, and inspirational. What's more this book is suitable for all ages, genres, and professions, something I find unique.

Through the sharing of personal experiences with her reader, and the incorporation of a fictitious story about a cat called Delilah, her surroundings, and life, the reader is encouraged to open their eyes to their world, look forward with a positive attitude, and embark on a journey of self-discovery.

From the moment we are 'aware' we absorb the information around us via other people. We learn, to discover things about our world and environment, listen to the expectations and limitations others put on us. Now, through this enlightening book we each have the tools we need to unlock our dreams, reach our full potential, and then grow, taking one day at a time to discover the real us. We learn how to unburdening ourselves of the concepts and restraints of others, and truly become who we want to be.

From a very early age the author knew she had a strong affinity with the spirit world and animals. Her work has enabled her to recognise these gifts and her strength of character has led her to write her books. In fact her first published novel, *How I Became a Dragon* was inspired by her experiences whilst working in the Republic of Congo as Project Director for the Wildlife Conservation Society (WCS) in the Sangha Tri-National landscape.

However, as she points out, if you are searching for God and enlightenment, it is not hidden in these pages. The purpose of this book is to, through telling her story, and talking about poignant moments in her life, which have opened her eyes to her true self, she hopes to inspire her readers to do the same.

To aid in this, the book's chapters focus on life experiences and at the end of each there is the opportunity for the reader to express their thoughts and experiences on each topic on the activity pages. These pages eventually combined to reveal their own unique journey. However, the author is keen to point out, our journey does not end there, because life is a continual adventure and the quest to discover new things about ourselves is constantly evolving each and every day.

In Conclusion: This book contains the key to opening your own mind into the possibilities which await you. Within, the author gives her reader the tools they require to move forward positively, with true self-belief, and the knowledge that they are 100% in control.

—Susan Keef



Let Go and Let God... and Then What?

Suzanne Mondoux



Let Go and Let God ... and Then What?

Suzanne Mondoux

Chapter 1

... and then nothing

And then nothing ... that is correct. You are reading this just as it is written. Or you can decide to read this and acknowledge your first gut feeling. What was it? Do you know? Or did you decide to skip over your initial feeling and dismiss it? There is no right or wrong answer. It's just a question and it's you who is asking it. Before you begin your quest for this great inner peace you seek by reading this book, be assured that reading this book will not bring you to that great place of enlightenment that many of you are seeking. When that great place of enlightenment is presented to you, I am one hundred percent certain (and also speaking from experience) that most of you have responded by ignoring it and poo-pooing it. I am not telling you anything new or shocking. When enlightenment lands on your lap, it gets poo-pooed all over with questions, suppositions, assumptions, and whatever else you do to it when it's right under your nose. So please stop right here and forget what you think you hope to learn from reading this book. Your search for God

and enlightenment is not hidden in these pages, I promise. The purpose of writing this book is to tell you a story and that is it. Nothing more and nothing less. The story goes like this.

Once upon a time there lived a small cat. Delilah was a calico. She loved roaming the rose field. The rose field stretched far and wide on the edge of her tiny village of Farr. Farr had a population of four people and seventeen cats plus Delilah. That was it. No one else and no other animals lived in Farr. Each human lived in his or her own house. Each cat lived in his or her own house. Delilah lived in the yellow house at the end of Only Street. It was the only street in Farr.

Now let's get back to let go and let God—and then what? And then nothing.

Did Delilah and her tiny village of Farr capture your curiosity? Are you intrigued by this story? Do you want to know more from this story? It's a short and simple beginning. You only now just read it, and have you never heard of Delilah and her village before? I am equally intrigued and curious as to what comes next. Maybe the story will reveal itself to us as we take this journey together of letting go and letting God, and then what?

Let us begin with what you know. The cat's name is Delilah. We know this because the creator of this story told us her name. You also know the cat lives in the tiny village of Farr. You know this the same way you came to know the cat's name. And you know the cat lives in the yellow house at the end of Only Street.

As I was saying, and then what? Ask yourself this question. What drew you to this book? Why are you determined to read it to the end? What do you believe you will read in these pages that you don't already know, except for what happens next with Delilah?

I too wondered a great deal about this question of *And then what?* I often heard the expression let go and let God. I had moments in my life when I felt I knew what it meant and actually did let go and let God. And then many wonderful things happened in my life. I got what I asked for. Then I let go and let God again. And then I didn't get what I asked for. Then comes the question—and then what? Or the question of *And then what?* popped up in my head before letting go and letting God.

When I didn't get what I wanted I assumed it was because it wasn't meant to be. It wasn't the right timing. It wasn't happening for many different reasons I had come up with in my own mind. It was a very sensible and rational justification for my disappointment. But did I ever ask myself the question—was I ready to receive it?

Was I ready to let go and let God and allow myself to receive it? Or did I block it

from coming? Or did I not even see it? Those questions had never crossed my mind until very recently. Actually, they were not part of my thinking to myself until a few weeks before I started creating this book. It was very much an aha moment; an awakening that now seems obvious. Of course—why had I never thought of this before? Instead, I went from excuses to justifications for why I didn't get what I wanted when I wanted it. It sounds all too obvious now to consider the one and only thing that it was I who had blocked what I had asked for. How well-prepared was I to receiving anything and everything I had asked for? Did I truly know what I wanted in the first place? And how well-prepared was I to even know the difference?

I had never really questioned my role or my participation in all of this in the creation of my own life—my own reality. But what I did know for sure was that God helps those who help themselves. Again, until not long ago I held very different beliefs of what that meant as well. But my beliefs did serve me well and I did and could see how God helped me. I could see it and experience it in all the little things that happened in my life. Even when I thought I really wanted something, like a job, for example, and I didn't get it. This no doubt landed in my mind as a disappointment. I can say with absolute joy now for those jobs I didn't get—thank you! I said to God, thank you for having my back when I thought I knew better.

A couple months before writing this book, I chatted with my friend Kath who took a job I thought would be offered to me. Kath had turned down this position because she had extended her existing contract. I was recommended for the position. I travelled to the country of Georgia. I met everyone. Every day the consultant assured me that this job was mine. I reviewed the contract and signed. Then the consultant told me the client had requested a back-up person for interview in case I didn't accept the position. I had not met this person or crossed paths with her until we were checking in at the airport. The moment I shook hands with this person I knew they had offered her the position. I didn't learn of this official decision until twelve hours later. Despite the red flags flashing in front of my face during my stay in Georgia, I was resistant to the decision I had to make for myself. Everything said not to take this job. I was desperate and I was going to take it knowing full well it would be a nightmare.

Not getting the job led to a great deal of self-doubt, frustration, and financial stress. I continued my search for a job. Then I got a call for another job. I flew to London. It was a great interview. But I still had red flags show up. I was assured again that this job was mine. I was assured that by the time I got home an email would be waiting in my inbox to finalize the offer. I waited a week—nothing! No call. No email. I reached out to the company, and they said the person who they thought wanted to resign from the position decided to stay. I was *furious*.

I continued my search. Then—success! I got a job offer I was actually excited about and keen on doing. No red flags. I got the job. After six months the company sought to hire a new manager for a department I would be working very closely with. I contacted my friend Kath who initially refused the job in Georgia.

When I reached out to Kath, she informed me she had completed her contract. She was now one year in on the Georgia job. The woman they hired instead of me couldn't do the job. I was sorry to hear that. I had sensed and seen the challenges of this position. And it turned out that Kath was keen on taking the job. But she also told me I had dodged a bullet.

After listening to her story, I was beyond joy that I had not walked into that mess. But what I did learn since then about the question of *And then what?*—how I am one hundred percent responsible and accountable for my feelings in what I decide they are and how I decide what my experience will be—is all up to me. No exceptions. No excuses. However, what was ironic was discovering that the behaviours, choices, and feelings I allowed outside forces to control travelled with me everywhere I went. So the same nonsense I was told I dodged by not getting the job in Georgia wasn't the point at all just because I had brought myself to another job. What Kath experienced in her job, I was experiencing in my current job. So in actuality, I had not dodged any bullet until I learned that my thoughts—what I think every moment of my life—creates my reality. No exception to this either.

Overall, my life was a pretty unhappy existence until I came to understand this, to know this, to experience this. This magical moment started when I was in the Charles-de-Gaule airport lounge. Well, let's not get too dramatic. It wasn't all the time that I was living a pretty unhappy existence, but it was a lot—too much of the time.

I had a few hours before my connecting flight to West Africa where I worked. I received a ding on my WhatsApp from my friend Christina. She had sent me a YouTube link to Wayne Dyer. I settled into a quiet area of the lounge to watch the video link. I ate my lunch and sipped champagne. This wasn't one of those unhappy moments ... I was just at rest, living in the moment. I sat facing the window.

I watched the planes land and take off. I watched the short video. It was about being grateful that you didn't always get what you asked for in life. Ding! Ding! Ding!

Until that moment, I had never been grateful for what I didn't have. I had been grateful for what I had. Of course I can say 'thank goodness I didn't get this or that' on occasion. I said this when, in fact, it didn't really matter or I didn't pay too much attention to any of it. I only felt upset and unaware of the gift of not getting what I wanted when I was frightened of being unemployed, when I was running from something instead of being focused on where I wanted to go, and head in that direction. Essentially, this no 'gratitude' for what I didn't get came from a place where I just didn't honour myself or trust my gut feeling. I felt way off the mark of being aligned with my highest self.

Before that day at the Paris airport, I had read many 'self-help' or 'inspirational' books throughout my adult life. Each time I learned something new and experienced growth. There was no doubt about that. But after listening to the link Christina had sent me, I continued listening to more and more of Wayne Dyer's YouTube videos. I completely immersed myself in his teachings. Every moment I wasn't working, I put my

headphones in my ears and listened. I watched videos as soon as I woke up, when I ate, when I was at the gym, after work, up to when it was time to head to bed. Then, I started all over again the next day. I can say with absolute certainty that this saved my life!

The Wayne Dyer YouTube links directed me to Esther Hicks, also known as Abraham Hicks, author of *Law of Attraction* and many other great books. I downloaded everything I could find. I immersed myself in Abraham's teachings. It too was life changing. It was and still is an exciting journey. It's one that will never end.

Around this same time, my friend Aranka told me about audible.ca. I had never thought of listening to audio books. But I followed my gut feeling. I applied what I was learning. I was trusting. I purchased various audio books authored by Wayne Dyer and Abraham Hicks. I immersed myself in these books every single day. Since then, there has been a great revolutionary change in my heart, my body and my soul. I am not the same person that I was before I decided to make the changes I wanted in my life. And I have been enjoying the 'what I asked for', the experiences I want to live – big or small, and I am still attracting wonderful experiences in my life.

So, what does it mean to Let Go and Let God? What the heck do you do with that? Do you do nothing? Do you sit back in your lazy boy chair playing with the TV remote control and wait? Do you ... bla bla bla ... on and on, the questions swirl around in your head like a tornado.

Why is Delilah roaming the rose field? You can create your own reasons as to why Delilah is roaming the rose field. You can come up with all the answers you want, but you will never know why. You will never know why until the creator of this story tells you why Delilah is roaming the rose field. But you are free to create your own reasons, your own story as to why Delilah is doing so.

Delilah's life can take many different turns depending on the story you decide to create for her. She can have a happy life or a sad life or a boring life or a "whatever" life. Does it matter? If it doesn't matter, why not? If it does matter, why does it matter? What difference does it make? And why does it make a difference? Who and what decides what kind of a life Delilah experiences? Who cares? What kind of life can Delilah have in a tiny village of four people, eighteen cats and one street, anyway?

And then what? That is what you want to know. This question has lead me to much confusion and frustration and anger. It has led me to think "what the f ... k?????" Exactly that! Over and over again. How does this all work? What am I supposed to be doing? This real story started not so long ago when I jumped into this human body, this female human body. Just like you, I squeezed my way out of my mother's womb. Just like you, I have a father. Just like you, life happened. Or did it? Does it? What happens?

Despite my different experiences and adventures in my life as this human female, I doubt I am much different from you, and you are just as much different from me. How different can we be? How similar are we? Is it our contrast that makes it interesting to get

to know one another? Or to ignore one another? Or to hate one another? Or to kill one another?

I cannot imagine there being too much contrast in Farr with only four people, eighteen cats and one street. They either get along like a house on fire, or cannot stand the sight of one another. This may be why Delilah is roaming the rose field. Who knows? I am just making this up as I go along this journey with you.

And then what? That is the question. Is it not? I have very few memories of my childhood. I have no memories of me laughing or playing or any real exciting childhood memories. I do have some photos of my childhood. I am sad in all of them. I am angry in most of them. And I am stupid most of the time. Whose fault is that? Yeah, whose fault is that?

I think I need to say that again and louder! WHOSE FAULT IS THAT?!!!!!! Yes, I am emphasizing my question with multiple exclamation marks. That is a sure way to get an answer. Is it not? Again, what the f ... ? Someone has to take the blame for this! I carried this shit with me my entire life! Until ... and then what? Which didn't come to me immediately. Like I said, in case I didn't make myself clear the first time. I CARRIED THIS SHIT WITH ME MY ENTIRE LIFE!

Does the capital letter emphasize my dissatisfaction with all of this? I just want to be certain that I am very clear on this point. As I am sure that you have made yourself extremely clear with your dissatisfaction of your childhood pain and suffering, and that, with absolutely no doubt, this must be someone else's fault. That it's someone else's fault that you carry this pile of faults on your shoulders every moment of your life. With every breath you take, the load of fault presses down ever so heavily on your shoulders, to the point where each of the vertebrae in your spine crash down against one another. Then you have a sore neck, sore back, and on and on ... But that is because it's someone else's fault. And then what?

Let's go back to Delilah and the tiny village of Farr.

Delilah roamed the rose field. It was a beautiful cool autumn morning. The sky was blue. The sun shined bright. The tree branches shined bright with orange, red, yellow and brown leaves. The trees wrapped around the village, along the edges of the rose field. Two large trees stood tall on either side of the rose field. The branches braided together creating a vibrant arch of leaves. The braided archway was the only way in and out of the rose field.

Now, you may be asking yourself 'how can there be a rose field in autumn?'. My answer to this question – It's my story and I can create it any way I decide. Why not have a rose field in autumn? Whether the rose bushes have produced flowers or are dormant and waiting for spring and summer, it's still a rose field, unless someone decides to cut

down and remove all of the rose bushes to create something completely new and different instead of this rose field, like a concrete shopping mall, for example. The latter can be useful. It all depends on who is creating the story.

But truly, I should not have to explain or justify the creation of my story to you or anyone. And that goes for you as well. Before you learned it was autumn in the story, did you even ask yourself if the rose field had roses or not? Did you just know that there were roses ready to be plucked from their bushes and ready to be bundled up into a bouquet? Since the scene was set in a rose field, you probably assumed that the season was between April and September. That is an easy and sensible assumption to make. Or maybe you made no assumptions and just saw Delilah in the rose field. Again, there is not right or wrong answer. It's not a question. But ask yourself this question. Which of these two make you feel 'good'. To make an assumption with a great possibility of a false outcome, one that is not even close to what you conjured up in your head? Or, does it make you feel better to trust your gut about what you first felt? Whatever that was for you.

As I said, it was a beautiful autumn sunny morning. Delilah licked the dew off the grass. She walked along the edge of the field, looking at the centre of the field. The edge of the rose field was as far as she ever roamed. She always looked out at the centre of the field where a small pond glittered in the sunlight. Leaves floated in the water. Her yellow house at the end of Only Street was also on the outskirts of the village. It was very convenient and very comfortable for Delilah to live on the outskirts of the village because it was close to the edge of the gate that led to the rose field.

I remember many years ago, I had asked God for wisdom. I wish I could say the years that followed were the most blissful and enlightening years of my life. Not even close. Without even knowing it, I had become an explorer of my soul: of my true self. And after many years of exploring 'wisdom', I wasn't any closer to finding it or being wiser. So, if I were to grade myself as to whether I was a great explorer or a pretty poor explorer – the result would be a pretty poor explorer. But it was still not until some years later that I discovered this to be the incorrect answer. How could I not have been a great explorer? I asked a question and received an answer. I jumped right in. My feet were firmly planted on the edge of the precipice. Without hesitation, I jumped.

I had no idea what it meant to be wise when I asked God for wisdom. When I asked the question, I wasn't even in a place of Letting Go and Letting God. The question ... and then what ... wasn't even in my thoughts. I just asked. Life happened. Life presented me with many roads to walk on. Life presented me with many people to bring into my life. Did I always make the choice that made me feel good? Many times yes, but many times, no. But each time I felt good with my decision, it was because I trusted my gut feeling. When I went against my gut feeling, I'm sure you know how I

felt. Not good. But did it stop me from ignoring and going against my instincts? Nope.

Going against my better judgment kept me on the edge of the rose field. I could see in but didn't dare to walk in. I was stupid, remember? You learned this 'fact' earlier in the story. I was told I was stupid and I was treated as being stupid starting way back in kindergarten. My kindergarten teacher told my mother that I was a retarded child. That is how they labeled us back then.

My mother asked why she had assessed me as a retarded child. "Because she is quiet. She doesn't talk. She doesn't answer me when I ask her to do something. She spends her day by herself, playing by herself." replied the teacher.

"Suzanne has always been quiet and has always kept to herself." replied my mother. "When you ask her to do something, do you say please?"

I believe this ended that conversation and it was the last time the teacher ever made that comment about me again.

However, this mental assessment of my worth in this society didn't end there. I went from being retarded to being stupid. But don't feel sad or bad for me. I believed it. So it was true. I thought it, and I made it come true. You are what you think. Is this not true? This was way before the journey to wisdom even started. I was so far from the start line. Well, at least I thought I was. But in actuality, I only know now that I was always at the start line.

Being at the start line of my life towards Let Go and Let God was right there, staring me in the face. At that tender age of 3, 4 or 5, I knew exactly what I was doing. I made the choice to get what I thought I needed from my parents, knowing full well that I would never get it. I had no idea then that it was all up to me to decide how I wanted to feel. Who the heck knows this at the age of 3, 4 or 5? But my heart did know exactly what was for my highest good then as it does now. But going to God for this wasn't in my hemisphere.

I recall the human memory of God and of Jesus on the cross and all that. Yes, I grew up Catholic. I remember being told that if I was good, I would receive roses and go to heaven. If I was bad, you guessed correctly ... no roses and no heaven. There was a whole lot of nonsense like that. But it never took me away from God. I knew exactly who God was, and it wasn't what I was being taught that offended me. I kept little secrets to myself about who God really was for me and to me. However, even this knowledge didn't stop me from making a s..t load of bad choices that I cannot help but wonder how different my life would be today. But my choices are my choices, and they are what has brought me here today with you. And I can say, it's a pretty awesome 'right here and now'!

Let Go and Let God, and then what? ... and then nothing! So what do you expect from this God of yours? What do you really know about your God? Maybe this could be

a good place to start finding out ... and then what? Maybe it's a whole lot of nothing. Or maybe it's a whole lot of 'wow'. Subtle as ... and then what ... may be, decide for yourself what the option of not discovering ... and then what? and then nothing can be the most amazing 'nothing' of your life. It does mean that you need to get your butt off the lazy boy chair and stop playing with the TV remote control, and get out there in Life and BE. Can you BE?

By the way, there is no 'I hope for', 'I want ... whatever', 'I pray for ... ' ... anything that you wish for. Either you know ... and then what, or you don't. If you don't, ask the question. And ... either you know it's done ... you can see the outcome because as they say, if you can dream it, you can make it happen! No exception.

I invite you to read as many books as you can on the law of attraction, and the likes, and all that stuff. Figure it out! Go for it, head first. Zero hesitation, because either you want your life to change or you don't. And before you start scrambling around in your head for all of those excuses, stop! I am certain they are all wonderful and amazing stories. How are they working for you?

And for all of you who made the decision to be parents, whether it was planned or not, we know you love your children and you would do anything for them. We know you would even throw yourself on the sword for them. Sacrifice your life. Sacrifice your dreams and all that. You can stop right there as well! Stop using your children to justify the decisions you made. Don't throw them into this mess of self-indulgence of story telling. They don't make for good bedtime stories, and they make for even less of a good daytime story.

Imagine you are sitting with your children during story time. You gather them in front of you. Next to your reading chair, you pull out from your stack of children books *Mommy or Daddy and their sad stories. Why I feel sorry for myself and why the world owes me* ... Something like that as a title. You get the picture. Now ... would you allow anyone to read this book to your children during reading time at home or at school? I don't think so! So, please cut this out and pay attention to how you think, get back into that gut feeling of yours and be aware of your thoughts – before you open your mouth.

Let Go and Let God ... and then what? and then nothing other than being who you are ... Attract in your life who you are – your BEING, instead of What you want. Can you feel the difference? Say this out loud to yourself ... Feel it. FEEL it come to you by aligning yourself, YOUR FEELINGS to your vision, your desire, to you! Let it flow and set the course for ... ALLOWING IT TO FLOW TO YOU.

We have all heard this saying – Get out of your own way. All that negative thinking about yourself ... *I'm too old, I have no money, Being an actor is a tough business – I won't make it – I won't make a living at this, I won't make a living at being a painter, a singer, an artist of any form, I don't have the education, I'm not smart enough, I have children, I'm too old to change my career, I'm still in trauma from my childhood abuse, on and on and on.* They are all great stories. Great excuses. I promise you that the

moment you make the decision to make the change in your life that you want, that you desire, that you know is bringing you back to your true self ... it will happen fast, at the speed of light, with ease and with joy. You will set the wheels in motion for a never-ending story of what is to come and will keep flowing in your life. Or you can continue believing your current story ... and then nothing.

... and then what? BEING! We have all heard: *If you want respect – then be respect. If you want love, then be love. If you want. ... whatever, be ...* BE first what you want to attract in your life. I wanted kindness so I became kindness. I am kindness. I am being kindness. It still takes practice, but I am DOING IT. I am BEING IT – even when I stumble and fall. I pick myself back up and start all over again.

You get the picture. ... and then what? is only in the now. You will not and will never go back and change all that stuff that brings you to a place of blame, fault and anger from your past life experiences. It's only right here and now where the ... and then what? is activated in your immediate sphere. Where you stand in the present moment. Even five minutes ago is no longer in your sphere. But what propels that sphere of here and now, is the here and now. Your decision to be 'real', 'truthful' and 'accountable' for **your** right here and right now.

I would love to meet those who can change the past and those who can predict the failures of their future. The illusion of focusing on what was and what will be because of your past is just that. An illusion! Your future is only in the here and now. You either hesitate on the edge of the rose field or you look at the beautiful sparkling pond in the middle of the field and head in its direction.

While Delilah roamed along the edge of the rose field, a small red caterpillar crawled out onto a rose bush branch. Delilah stopped in her tracks. She had never seen anything like it before. She had never seen anything other than the four humans and the other seventeen cats in Farr.

The caterpillar crawled out further along the rose bush branch, until it reached the tip of that branch. Delilah watched closely. Her ears stood straight up. Her eyes looked straight ahead, big and wide. The caterpillar crawled along the branch, paying no attention to Delilah. It continued to crawl around the tip of the branch until it tipped over. The caterpillar dangled upside down from the underside of the branch. Delilah rushed towards the caterpillar. She put her nose beneath the caterpillar to stop it from falling to the ground. The caterpillar fell onto the tip of Delilah's nose. Delilah's eyes moved towards one another. Cross-eyed, she now saw two caterpillars. The closer the caterpillar crawled up along her nose towards her eyes, the more difficult it became for Delilah to see it.

She slowly rubbed her nose up against the rose bush. She rubbed her nose from left to right along the branch, until the caterpillar found its way back onto the branch. Delilah stepped aside when the caterpillar was safely on the branch.

Delilah watched the caterpillar crawl around the rose bush branch. After showing no sign of falling off the branch again Delilah meowed quietly in the hopes of getting the caterpillar's attention. She meowed a few times. The caterpillar continued doing what a caterpillar does, focusing ahead along the branch. But Delilah had no idea what she was looking at or what a caterpillar usually does. She tried again and again to get the caterpillar to pay attention to her. She walked to the other side of the rose bush. Her nose nudged the branch causing it to shake. The caterpillar stopped crawling and remained still.

Delilah was running out of ideas on how to get the caterpillar to pay attention to her. She had so many questions for this fuzzy, worm-like insect that continued to crawl and go about its business, while paying zero attention to her. Delilah jumped up and down. She ran around the rose bush. Discouraged, she stretched on the grass and gave up her futile attempt at getting any attention from this mysterious creature.

Delilah stretched out on her belly. She turned over onto her back with her legs up in the air. She stared up at the branch. She studied the caterpillar wiggle around the branch.

The morning dew evaporated from the grass. The sun rose a little higher in the sky. Delilah was thinking about what she would have for lunch later on. She rolled onto her side and yawned a few times. Her eyes closed and opened and closed again. Just as she was about to fall asleep, the caterpillar dropped down onto her nose.

CHAPTER 1

... and then nothing

ACTIVITY PAGES

1. Write your Delilah story. What do you see happening from here? What does Farr look like to you? Create your own story.
2. Write what Let go and let God ... and then what means to you before reading any further. I invite you to learn as much about yourself from the few pages you have read up to this point.

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